

# LITERARY TABLET.

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[No. 2.]

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

### FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

#### NATIONAL RIVALSHIP.

NATIONS in their political capacity may be compared to the individual man. Like him they are seen struggling with the weakness of youth, like him flourishing in the vigour of manhood, and like him borne down with the infirmities of age. While the limbs grow feeble and palsied by effeminacy, the disease of faction, licentiousness, luxury, or corruption seizes the vital part, and they are swept from this stage of existence.

In no part of this comparison is the resemblance more striking, than in that glow of emulation, that noble spirit of rivalry, which is exhibited throughout the sphere of human action. Depraved indeed is the person, whose breast never swells with its influence. He is a phenomenon in the moral world—a being possessed of a singular apathy of mind, at which humanity revolts. But I would not dwell on the competitions of private life, rather transfer the attention to the important crises, the sublime events, the interesting scenes, displayed on the grand theatre of national contention.

There is a period in the history of every enlightened people, peculiarly distinguished for the exertions and the improvements of the human mind. This is not found in the infancy of strength, in a state of unlimited domination, or in the decline of political respectability; but it is realized in a state of jealous rivalry and a balance of power. We then behold exerted all those manly virtues, which ennoble our nature, which exalt our rank in the scale of being, which constitute the honour, the glory, and the ornament of our race. The mind, which before, like the dormant fire of the Volcano, had remained inactive under the load of oppression, now bursts forth in luminous displays of its powers. These are not merely ideas, gathered in eccentric flights of the imagination, or formed in reveries of speculative delusion; but they are truths drawn from historical facts, to which the experience of ages gives a concurrence.

Trace the annals of antiquity to the heroic ages. View those periods, when in enrapturing strains, the *Muses* were courted by their most distinguished votaries, when *Helicon* in abundance sent forth its purest streams. Turn back in thought, and reflect on the precepts, that were delivered by the sages of antiquity—contemplate the works, which have immortalized the philosophers of the Grecian schools, or listen with admiration to the thunders of Athenian eloquence.

Leaving the fields of literature and science, consider the noble virtues and valiant deeds of those heroes and patriots, those friends to liberty and the rights of mankind, whose spirits soared above the contracted bounds of earthly prospect, to the sublime views of Heavenly bliss. What was the situation of ancient nations, when these scenes were realized? Was it not in Greece, while her states were fired with continual rivalry? Was it not in Rome, while the dread of Carthaginian power roused all her energies into action?

Would we come to times of a more modern date, and glance at the train of events, which run through the history of the European world, we should be struck with the same displays of human nature, with the same causes operating in the promotion of national prosperity. As illustrious examples for the confirmation of these truths, let me instance, beside other Continental powers of less note, Spain, under the reign of Charles V, with his successors, Holland under the House of Orange, England and France throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. What exploits honour the Spanish name, even competitions with the present mistress of the seas, before the memorable destruction of their Armada.

In transferring the attention to Holland, that period is immediately recalled to mind, when the foaming billows of every ocean were ploughed by her seamen, when her flag waved triumphant, commanding universal respect. The competitions of the Dutch with their British neighbours, raised them to the respectable rank of one of the first naval powers of Europe. The names of a De Wit, a Van Tromp, a Maurice, which appear in their history, would grace, would emblazon in characters of glowing brightness, the annals of the most enlightened nations since the origin of society. They fought not for the preservation of Amsterdam, they fought not merely to defend their country against foreign aggressions; but the sceptre of *Neptune* was the prize of contention, which once hung wavering between the powers of Britain and the United Provinces. But mark the contrast between their present and former state. Holland yet lives as a nation, but she lives to deplore the melancholy spectacle of fallen greatness. She lives to behold her independence and government overthrown, her land ruled by a Corsican Prince, her commerce languishing, her citizens impoverished, their persons and properties lying at the mercy of a foreign despot. Still more interested are our feelings, when we contemplate the two great primary planets in the political hemisphere, whose extended or-

bits, whose contrary attractions shake the whole system of the civilized world. The Rivalship of France and Great-Britain, for the illustrious characters and mighty events it hath produced, is unequalled on the records of man. What will be its final issue, yet remains a secret which time only will disclose.

JASON.

### FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

#### AGRICULTURE.

*Fortunatus et ille, Deos qui novit agrestes,  
Panaque, Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque savoros!*  
VIRG.

NO sooner had men become so numerous, that the spontaneous productions of the earth were insufficient for their subsistence, than they perceived the necessity and importance of agriculture.

At this early period, when every object appeared shrouded in its native wildness, all things conspired to call forth the admiration, and excite the ingenuity of the human race. Anxious for social intercourse and the general welfare, they exerted the powers of industry to increase the productions of the earth, which were not found in sufficient abundance to supply their wants, when united in society.

The antiquity of the agricultural art, its utility, and the absolute necessity of its existence, are sufficient evidence of its being an object of the highest importance. Kings and Emperors have been its patrons; and the numbers of men, who have made it the business of life, the honors and reputation, which many have gained by their exertions for its encouragement, render it a reputable and even an honorable employment.

Our knowledge of the goodness and benevolence of the great author of nature induces us to believe, that peculiar happiness and enjoyment are attached to those exertions, which the present constitution of things has rendered necessary. Nor are we deceived; the pleasures of a rural life are rational—they are sublime. The pleasing succession of day and night, of seasons, and of years; the growth, maturity, and reproduction of fruits and vegetables, the order and harmony—in short, every beauty in the natural world, afford subjects of as much admiration to the peasant, as to the most profound philosopher.

Retired from the hurry and confusion of courts and cities, the honest husbandman reposes with safety in his cottage, and enjoys real happiness; while an uninterrupted tranquillity is a stranger to those, who indulge the fashionable vices of the fashionable world. The chagrin of disappointed ambition, envy, jealousy, and hatred, which exist



tween rivals in power or rivals in opinion, are excluded a place in his affections. Surrounded by those whose views and interests are in unison with his own, his situation in life is peculiarly adapted to the enjoyment of social intercourse. Who ever read Virgil's beautiful description of the pleasures and amusements of rural life, that did not secretly wish to join the choir of nymphs and swains, regaling themselves under the wide-spreading beach, while their flocks were grazing on the plain before them.

But whether this class of mankind, by improving their minds in literature and science might not enlarge the sphere of their enjoyments, is a question, which merits consideration, and which should be determined by actual experiment. CAIUS.

#### FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

##### LUXURY.

There is no greater bane in society, than luxury. This is the source from which flow most of the evils, that disturb the felicity of mankind. It corrupts the morals, impairs the health, and enervates the powers of the mind. The understanding is blunted, the body is debilitated, and effeminacy seizes the whole frame. Notwithstanding its banefulness, it insinuates itself into the cottage and into the palace, into the village and into the city. Its dominion is coextensive with the earth. No nation or people have been able to withstand its power and destructive influence. By luxury Kings have been dethroned, and nations subdued and sunk into obscurity. Greece, tho' she could withstand and subdue the Persian legions, though she stood like a rock in the midst of the ocean against the powers of threatening nations, was at last vanquished by this puissant conqueror. Though the contest was arduous and the struggle long, yet her valor, heroism, and pride was forced to yield to her foe. Alexander, though he could conquer the world, and surmount obstacles, which seemed to bid defiance to human efforts, fell a shameful victim to this universal enemy. Carthage, proud of her triumphs, and doating on her power and greatness, was immersed in luxury and expired in factions.—In short, there is scarcely a province, state, or kingdom on the records of nations, which has not witnessed the direful effects of luxury. Though they saw its fatal influence, and were warned of their danger, they insensibly became a prey to its devouring jaws. Insinuating itself gradually till firmly radicated, it seizes its victim unawares, and swiftly hurls into the vortex of destruction. G.

#### SELECTIONS.

*The wonderful boy of Lubeck.*

Christian Henry Heineken was born at Lubeck, Feb. 6, 1721, and died there June 1, 1725, after having displayed the most amazing proofs of intellectual talents. He

had not completed his first year of life, when he already knew and recited the principal facts contained in the five books of Moses with a number of verses on the creation. In his 14th month, he knew all the history of the Bible; in his 30th month, the history of the nations of antiquity, geography, anatomy, the use of maps, and nearly 8000 Latin words: before the end of his third year, the history of Denmark, and the genealogy of the crowned heads of Europe; in his fourth year, the doctrines of divinity, with their proofs from the Bible; ecclesiastical history; the institutions; 200 hymns, with their tunes; 80 psalms; entire chapters of the Old and New Testament; 1500 verses and sentences from ancient Latin classics almost the whole *Orbis Pictus* of Comenius, whence he had derived all his knowledge of the Latin tongue; arithmetic; the history of the European empires and kingdoms; could point out in the maps whatever place he was asked for, or passed by in his journeys, and recite all the ancient and modern historical anecdotes relating to it. His stupendous memory caught and retained every word he was told; his ever active imagination used, whatever he saw or heard, instantly to apply according to the laws of association of ideas some examples or sentences from the Bible, geography, profane or ecclesiastical history, the *Orbis Pictus*, or from ancient classics. At the court of Denmark, he delivered 12 speeches without once faltering, and underwent public examinations on variety of subjects, especially the history of Denmark. He spoke German, Latin, French, and Low Dutch, and was exceedingly good-natured and well-behaved, but of a most tender and delicate bodily constitution; never ate any solid food, but chiefly subsisted on nurses milk.

He was celebrated, says this account, all over Europe, under the name of the Learned Child of Lubeck. He died at the age of four years, four months, 20 days, and 21 hours, and his death was recorded in a number of periodical papers.

#### ANTIQUITIES.

*Extract of a letter from an American gentleman at Tunis, dated July 9, 1806.*

"I am now on the site of the once renowned Carthage—where Scipio fought, where Hannibal conquered, where the intrepid old Belisarius himself drew out his legions, and hid the light of heaven for seventeen long days with the smoke of that noble city, deflagrated by his own hand. About one mile from where I now sit, stands a stupendous archway and gate, the only entire surviving monument of ancient Carthage! This was the southern entrance into the town; and in its vicinity are a number of mutilated cisterns, and part of the aqueduct which brought water from the celebrated mountain of Zowen (within sight) which is more than 50 miles distant.—Till within a few years there remained, I think, seventeen entire arches of this admirable memorial of human labor and perseverance, which were near an hundred feet high, supported by columns about sixteen feet square, and thirty apart; but

his supreme excellency, the all powerful and magnificent *Mahmoud Ali Bey*, his present worship thought proper to build two or three paltry batteries to grace the rising grounds near Tunis, and caused all these fine arches to be pulled down, to furnish stone for that nobler purpose.

"The cisterns (about sixteen or twenty remain to be traced) are indeed admirable specimens of the ingenuity of the ancient Carthaginians. They are about fifty yards long, ten wide and fifteen deep, all under ground; and I imagine would contain sufficient water to supply Carthage five years, admitting two hundred thousand gallons were destroyed daily. [Baltimore Tel.]

Mr. EMMET, the Irish Advocate that has flashed into fame and practice in the city and State of New-York, is brother, we understand, to another of equal eminence, that formerly flourished in Ireland, and to ROBERT EMMET, the modern *Curtius*, illustrious for mind and misfortune, who was executed at Dublin for high treason, being concerned in the insurrection of the 23d of July, 1803. On trial, he made no defence: but after verdict, and the clerk's putting to him the common question, which is mere matter of form, "What have you to say why judgment of death and execution should not be pronounced against you, according to law?" he took occasion to make one of the most eloquent harangues language can boast. It has very beautifully been said to have been "that voice which spoke almost from the grave, and seemed assimilating to the energy and inspiration of eternal truth." It concludes in the following admirably impressive manner.—

"My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround the victim: it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say.—I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.—I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph: for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them: Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain unincised, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.—I HAVE DONE." [Emerald.]

#### MORALITY.

The following beautiful portrait, from a moral limner, is painted from the life, and in colors which glow with brightness, and will last for ages.

"The temper of a Christian is not a tem-



per of fordid sensuality, or lazy apathy, or dogmatizing pride, or disappointed ambition. More truly independent of worldly estimation, than philosophy, with all her boasts, it forms a perfect contrast to Epicurean selfishness, to Stoical pride, and to Cynical brutality. It is a temper compounded of firmness and complacency, and peace and love; and manifesting itself in acts of kindness and of courtesy; a kindness, not pretended, but genuine; a courtesy not false and superficial, but cordial and sincere. In the hour of popularity, it is not intoxicated or insolent, in the hour of unpopularity, it is not desponding or morose; unshaken in constancy, unwearied in benevolence, firm without roughness, and assiduous without servility."

*The following affectionate VALETTE to the students of Schenectady College forms the close of an address of President Nott. It is interesting and pathetic, and must have touched the feelings of children and parents.*

[F. Museum.]

"It was a noble spectacle, amidst the flames that were consuming Troy, and while the multitude were intent only on rescuing their paltry treasures, to see the dutiful Æneas bearing on his shoulder the venerable Anchises, his aged father, to a place of safety. But ah! how rare such examples of filial piety! My God!—the blood freezes in the veins at the thought of the ingratitude of children! Spirits of my fainting parents! could I recall the hours when it was in my power to honor you, how different should be my conduct! Ah! were not the dead unmindful of the reverence the living pay them, I would disturb the silence of your tombs with nightly orisons, and bedew the urn that contains your ashes with perpetual tears!

"It is within your power to prevent the bitterness of such regrets. But I must arrest the current of my feelings. Your future usefulness, your eternal salvation, constitute a motive, so vast, so solemn, that were I to yield to its overwhelming influence, I should protract the hour of separation, and fill up with counsel and admonition the declining day.

"I shall address you no more. I shall meet with you no more, till, having past the solemnities of death, I meet you in eternity. So spend the intervening period, I adjure you, that that meeting may be joyous, and the immortality which shall follow it splendid as the grace of that GOD is free, to whom surrendering my charge, I now commit you. Leaving you this counsel, I bid you an affectionate and final FAREWELL."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### MARCUS BRUTUS.

His mind was steady, and not easily moved by intreaties. His principles were reason, and honor, and virtue; and the ends, to which these directed him, he prosecuted with so much vigor, that he seldom failed of success. No flattery could induce him to attend to unjust petitions; and though that

ductility of mind, which may be wrought upon by the impudence of importunity, is by some called good nature, he considered it as the greatest disgrace. He used to say he suspected those who could refuse no favors, had not very honestly employed the flower of their youth. [Plutarch.]

Pytheas had desired Pindar to write an ode on his victories, and had signified his intention of paying him for his trouble. The poet made his usual demand. But it chanced, that the hero was avaricious, as well as vain; a lover of money, no less than a lover of praise. He objected to the sum as exorbitant, and added; that he could purchase for much less money a colossian statue. The poet, not a little piqued at a remark, that affected to prefer the sculptor's art to his own, replied; that a statue was a thing fixed upon its pedestal, from which it could never move. His poetry was not stationary, but progressive. It darted, with the rapidity and effulgence of lightning, from the shores of Propontis to the pillars of Hercules. Regions, wrapped in Cimmerian darkness, were enlightened by it. But what end will your statue serve? will it, like my ode, immortalize your memory? No. Time will soon commit its ravages upon it. Curiosity will soon be satiated with the sight of it. Your name and your achievements will be obliterated together. The mercenary combatant, who had demurred, complied. The stipulated sum was paid without hesitation or delay. But the poet, who retained his chagrin, was determined to open his ode with an allusion to this conference. It remained for the illustrious victor to comment at discretion. *Eur. Mag.*

[The following whimsical article appears to be a satire upon the affected Virtuoso; a character however uncommon in America, which frequently excites the wonder or provokes the ridicule of the European satirist. In one of Shadwell's forgotten plays, the character of Sir Nicholas Gimcrack will cause the reader more mirth, perhaps, than the following. In Addison's papers some exquisite sarcasms of a similar class may be found.

*Curiosities found in the Historical Herculaneum.*

THE original manuscript of Paradise Lost, in Milton's own hand writing, which is very curious, as the bard was blind.

Rabelais' easy chair, some years ago in the possession of Dean Swift, of which Pope makes very honorable mention; \* lately occupied by a facetious humourist, one Laurence Sterne.

Dr. Johnson's buzz wig.

The right thumb of Charles the twelfth, with which he used to spread his butter.

Tom Brown's tobacco stopper, and the handle of Sam. Butler's ale-pot.

Erasmus' spatterdashies, which he wore in all his journeys.

The trunk hose of Sir Francis Drake; two or three stitches dropt, and four buttons wanting.

A very curious frying-pan, in which Pope dressed his lampreys.

The oaken towel of the Spectator's trunk-maker.

A comb for the whiskers, left as a legacy by the great Cervantes to his jailor's daughter.

Tom Thumb; an heroic poem; in which it is proved that this hero was son to William the Conqueror, and the inventor of shooting ducks with a mile-stone. Neatly bound in cock's combs, and illumined with tails of glow-worms. Very scarce.

John Dennis' snuff-box.

A tragedy in twenty-four acts, each containing fifty-two scenes: title lost.

Travels to the source of the Nile, which describe that river as an oyster-bed enamelled with crocodiles.

Proerustes' cupping glass; and Hector's Boethius' pamphlet on salvation, printed by Cornelius Agrippa at his press in the Hebrides.

The Art of Cuckold-making, or Great Horn Book; to which is added a beautiful print of Helen's modesty, a rough sketch.

An essay on pickling snail-shells, Phenixes and battering rams; with instructions for preparing conserve for gun powder and roasted bullets.

Carolan's bagpipe, and Philemon Holland's nut-cracker.

The left ear of Daniel Defoe, preserved in spirits of pillory.

Queen Elizabeth's under petticoat of flannel, very bare.

A peace of the walls of Babylon.

The gridiron on which Ben Johnson toasted his figs; the carving knife of Bryan Borrooh; Julius Cæsar's tooth-pick; and the great toe of the witch of Endor.

\* O thou, whatever title please thine ear,  
Dean, Drapier, Bickershoff, or Gulliver;  
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,  
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Muse of ALIQUIS discovers charms, which, we hope, he will not suffer to remain uncultivated. His productions will be gratefully received.

CAIUS we are happy to rank among our correspondents.

The first number of The ARCHER, and the first number of The GABBLER are received. They being introductory to others, we must request each of these writers to forward one or two more, before we can determine what will be their merits, or give publication to any of their essays.

Former Correspondents are invited to continue their favors.

To those Gentlemen, who have lent their assistance in procuring subscribers for the Tablet, we render our sincerest thanks.—All, who hold subscriptions, are requested to make a return of the same to the Tablet.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Literary Tablet.*

## THE EFFECT OF TIME.

WHY fled the flow'ry scenes of Spring,  
The choice perfumes that nature drew,  
And where the bee of glossy wing,  
That us'd to sip the Summer's dew?

Why now unveil'd the nodding grove  
That screen'd the plaintive woodland choir,  
Where smiling true-love deign'd to rove  
And sweetly touch the morning lyre?

Where are the vales that once were green,  
The buds that op'd at every beam,  
The verdant meads where late were seen  
The lilies bending to the stream?

And where that friend, of roseate cheek,  
That oft with me thro' lawns would stroll,  
So fair, so lovely, and so meek,  
Diffusing raptures thro' my soul?

Ah, now I see the cruel cause!  
Pale ghost of Summer, Autumn grey,  
Slow stalking on without a pause,  
Hath torn the foliage from the spray.

Yes, 'twas the chilling hand of Time,  
That nipt the green-bud, op'ning wide,  
That drove the choir to distant clime  
And swept the insect in the tide.

The blasting rude-wind, whistling near,  
Hath veil'd in mist the mead and isle;  
And forc'd a swain, with many a tear,  
To quit his home and friends awhile.

Yet, Time shall wing the seasons round,  
And deck the fields in vernal charms,  
Shall cause the pipe again to sound,  
And bring me, Mira, to thine arms.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## WISDOM.

Who seeks for wisdom? Whoso'er thou art,  
To curb the passions, rectify the heart,  
And check imagination's lawless sway,  
Should be the object of thy first assay.  
Bid every harsh, discordant feeling cease,  
And be with nature and her laws at peace.  
To wisdom nothing can be more oppos'd,  
Than to defend what oft has been expos'd  
As falsehood palpable; yet oft we find  
Men, who themselves by speculation blind,  
And thus, bewilder'd in a maze of thought,  
Teach things, which God and nature never  
taught.

Nay oft indeed some self-sufficient elf  
Flies in the face of Deity himself,  
And boldly dares to utter, "so say I,"  
When God and nature give his words the lie.

Wisdom does not in theories consist,  
But seeing things as they in fact exist.  
Let mock-Philosophers vain systems frame,  
And build on fancy all their hopes of fame,  
Like hags nocturnal, view'd by reason's light  
Their magic labors vanish from the sight.

Whoe'er in wisdom would a progress make,  
From nature's volume should his lessons take;

There, stamp'd by God's own hand, he truth  
may see,

Clad in her pristine, sweet simplicity.

Whoe'er records his thoughts to nature true,  
And holds up men, and manners to the view,  
Tho' we his excellence with pleasure see,  
"Paints," like Apelles, "for posterity."

But who for fancy, nature sets aside,  
Betrays at once his ignorance and pride,  
By striving, truth in fiction to excel:  
An inexperienced limner might as well  
Demand of us the tribute of applause,  
While from a man a grinning ape he draws.  
Then let this thought sink deep in every heart,  
*To rival nature is the height of art.*

ALIQUIS.

## SELECTED POETRY.

## THE WISH.

Let me, when twenty winters more,  
My raven locks have frosted o'er,  
In some retired, romantic place,  
The varied map of life retrace.

Midway some woody mountain's side,  
Down whose green slope pure streamlets glide;  
And widely in meanders stray,  
Far as the eye can trace the way;

There be my lowly cottage plac'd,  
With eglantine and roses grac'd,  
While many a fragrant wild flower greets  
My senses with his hues and sweets.

Thence will I view the chequer'd scene,  
My heart contented and serene!  
Nor wish to distant towns to roam,  
But find my comfort all at home.

I'll gaze on many a peeping spire,  
Nor feel one rising of desire,  
To tempt again my wayward fate,  
Or mingle with the gay and great.

And while my garden and my field,  
The choicest gifts of nature yield,  
Within, let Love and Friendship wait,  
And Truth and Honor guard the gate.

There, free from noise, and care, and strife,  
I'll fade unnoticed out of life;  
Calm as the smooth, subsiding wave,  
While friendship's tear bedews my grave.

Let no proud tablet speak my birth,  
But strew with flowers the verdant earth,  
When to the tomb by death consign'd;  
These best befit an humble mind.

[Weekly Inspector.]

## THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,  
There liv'd a man;—and who was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot is cast,  
That man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown;  
His name hath perish'd from the earth;  
This truth survives alone:—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;

His bliss and wo—*a smile, a tear—*  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these were felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;  
Had friends—his friends are now no more;  
And foes—his foes are dead.

He lov'd—but whom he lov'd the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;  
O! she was fair, but nought would save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

The willing seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main;  
Ere while his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;  
He was—whatever thou hast been:  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky,  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace,  
Than this—*THERE LIV'D A MAN.*

## TRUE PROVINCE OF WOMEN.

BY MISS HANNAH MORE.

AS some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,  
Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,  
Withdraws its modest head from public sight,  
Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light;  
Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude,  
And bear its beauties from its native wood;  
Expos'd abroad, its languid colours fly,  
Its form decays, and all its odours die.  
So woman, born to dignify retreat,  
Unknown, to flourish, and unseen, be great;  
To give domestic life its sweetest charm,  
With softness polish, and with virtue warm;  
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,  
Should seek but heaven's applauses and her  
own,  
Should dread no blame but that which crimes  
impart,  
The censures of a self-condemning heart.  
Heaven's ministring angel! she should seek  
the cell

Where modest want and silent anguish dwell;  
Raise the weak head, sustain the feeble knees,  
Cheer the cold heart, and chase the dire disease;  
The splendid deeds, which only seek a name,  
Are paid their just reward in present fame.  
But know—the awful all-disclosing day,  
The long arrear of *secret* worth shall pay;  
Applauding saints shall hear with fond regard,  
And He who witness'd *here* shall *there* reward.

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